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CAPE GIRARDEAU - MISSOURI

DAILY LIFE OF SPANISH KING

Kellogg Dartford Declares Alfonso Is One of the Hardest Workers in Spain.

"King Alfonso is one of the hardest working men in all Spain," says Kellogg Dartford, in *Woman's Home Companion*. "Ordinarily he rises at 7:00 to 7:30 and after breakfast in the queen's bedroom he is usually occupied until half past one or two o'clock. Meanwhile when he receives reports he leaves the palace at six. After lunch he attends to affairs about town—opens exhibitions and banquets and performs such other social duties as devolve upon a sovereign. At five o'clock he plays polo or goes about the city until 7:30, when he returns to the palace and looks over the news of the day gleaned from all leading newspapers of the world. At 8:30 he dines, and in the late evening goes to other social functions, the theater or the circus. The circus he is particularly fond of and during the several months of the circus season in Madrid he attends regularly every Thursday night. He is as delighted with the performing horses, the trained monkeys and the tumbling clowns as any small boy in his kingdom. Any one who knows how strenuous is the life of King Alfonso from early morning until five o'clock in the afternoon marvels at his strength and energy, yet constantly one hears and sees in the newspapers that he devotes all of his time to polo playing and shooting! Without this hour or two of daily exercise he could never maintain the energetic routine of his life."

A Diminishing Dog.

In "Walks and People in Tuscany" Sir Francis Vane tells the story of a courageous but unfortunate dog, Turco, whose acquaintance he made near Greve. The animal was a farm dog, a splendid specimen of a black-and-white sheep dog.

Born with an adventurous disposition, Turco explored the neighborhood, and one day was about at and with such little accuracy that his hind leg was destroyed. A kindly English lady had him attended by a veterinary and the dog recovered, although, of course, with three legs only. Yet his indomitable daring was not lessened. He still roamed and fought many battles.

Then came the poison incident. Burglars had arranged to rob my friend's house and had prepared their way by laying down poison. Yet almost by a miracle Turco recovered after weeks of agony, and regained his spirits, too; for he sauntered out one night, had an immense battle with a dog larger than himself and came back to the house with his fore leg hopelessly broken.

He now has only two legs, or had when I saw him last, yet although I had not seen him for more than a year he limped up to greet me with the wildest of welcomes.—Youth's Companion.

Crippen's Money.

American lawyers will be interested to learn the London court has cut Clara Crippen out of any share of the estate of Dr. Hawley Harvey Crippen. Clara Crippen left more than \$500 in furs and jewels, besides money in two banks. The Crippen girl was one of the rings when she and Crippen were caught on the steamship in the St. Lawrence. Ordinarily, under the law, Mrs. Crippen's property would have been inherited by her husband. He had made a will leaving to Miss Leneve whatever he possessed. The court, in deciding against Leneve, followed the ruling of the lords justice of appeal in the case of Mrs. Florence Maybrick, where it was held it would be against public policy to let her or her representatives share in the insurance on her slain husband's life. Thus, as Crippen couldn't inherit it, neither could Miss Leneve, his representative.

His Hands in Her Muff.

"My hands are nearly frozen," he complained.

"Won't you put them in my muff?" she sweetly asked.

"But you would have to take your hands out of it if I did that."

"It is plenty large enough for both of us."

"Well, all right, I'll just sit on the front seat, then, an—"

"But there is a way in which you can put them in and still sit here beside me."

"All right. Hold it over this way, then, please."

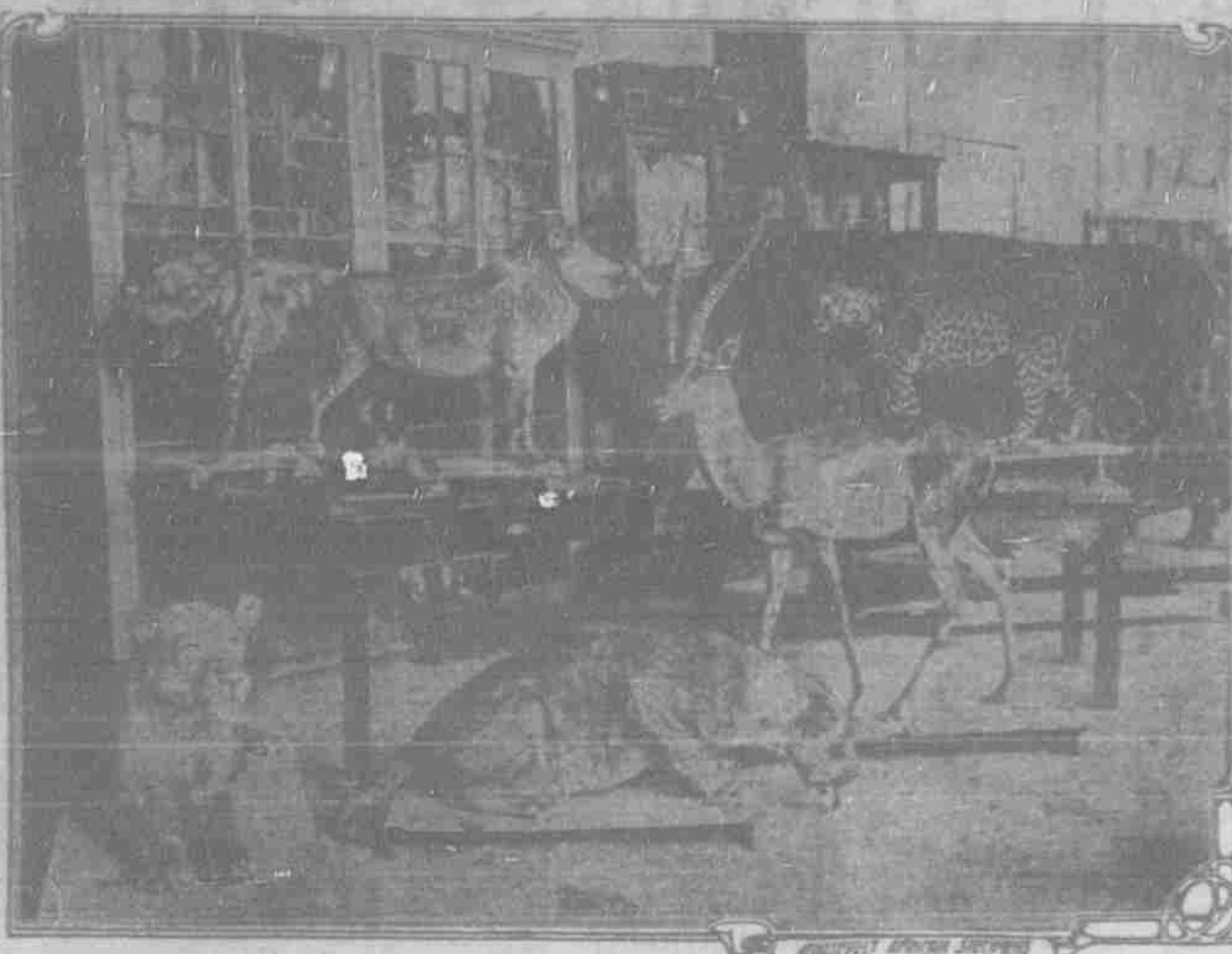
"O, pshaw! If I must tell you how, put one of your arms around me."

It should be explained, however, that they had been married for several years.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Costly Truck Farm.

The prices New Yorkers pay for garden truck make farming under glass—"intensive" farming—profitable, even on ground worth as much as \$18,000 an acre. There are Long Island suburban districts, within ten miles of the city hall, where agriculture is pursued year after year, notwithstanding the fields are assessed at building lot prices. Not long ago a man of foreign birth who had accumulated 29 adjoining acres in 25 years, an acre or two at a time, sold his tract for \$195,000. He had several acres under glass, and he has rented the place for another year at five per cent. on the selling price.

ROOSEVELT'S AFRICAN TROPHIES NOW ON VIEW



WASHINGTON.—Many of the specimens of the fauna of Africa obtained by Theodore Roosevelt during his hunting trip in the Dark Continent have now been mounted and are on view in the National Museum, where they are inspected by numerous visitors daily. The taxidermy has been well done and the large group of animals forms a most interesting exhibit.

ABOUT HUMAN BODY

Distrust of Medicine Arises From Ignorance of Anatomy.

Enlightened Science of Today Shows Within Ourselves Wondrous Mechanisms and Adaptations Which Arouse Admiration.

New York.—Dr. Frederic B. Lee, professor of physiology at Columbia university, opened the Jessup lectures on scientific features of modern medicine at the Museum of Natural History with a "Sketch of the Normal Human Body." It is Dr. Lee's conviction that whatever distrust of medical potency may now exist arises largely from ignorance of the human body and the present status of medical science.

"In accepting the Jessup lectureship," he said, "I was influenced largely by the thought that through it I might perhaps be of service to both the medical profession and an intelligent public by telling the public something of what medical leaders are doing."

"Notwithstanding the swift progress of medical science we frequently meet with a distrust of the efficiency of medicine, a feeling that the physician knows far too little concerning disease and its cure, and a tendency to turn toward strange cults, making fair promises. Such distrust is as old as medicine itself. I do not believe that it is justified. Doubting is indeed an entirely legitimate form of mental exercise. The man of science who is not a doubter has no claim to honorable standing. But not all doubts are equally estimable. There are those that betray much knowledge and those that betray little."

"The ignorance of the human body among many persons is extraordinarily great. It is strange to find thinking, reasoning men and women, who were born with noble bodies, who have clung to them in sickness and in health, for better or for worse, who have used them for every variety of human service, and yet hold themselves utterly aloof from a knowledge of bodily affairs. I suspect that we

have here an inheritance, through many generations, of the medieval notion of the viciousness of the human body, a notion which is out of keeping with the enlightened science of today. This science shows within ourselves wondrous mechanisms and adaptations which ought to arouse a man's admiration if he possesses a truly aesthetic sense."

Dr. Lee gave a sketch of the human body, covering its composition anatomically and chemically, and a survey of its functions, stopping now and again to suggest the lines which future research will take where mysteries still "lure and baffle." He tried to give his audience some conception of the wonderful complexity of the human organism. He illustrated it at one point by describing just what it means to contract one's biceps voluntarily, added laughingly:

"We may, in our bewilderment, well wonder why a mere innocent contraction

of the biceps does not bring in its train an attack of nervous prostration. Seriously, this great complexity is not appreciated. Gay critics, the anti-theists and the anti-theists, grow impatient with medical science and turn to others who profess to work successfully with simpler methods. But those to whom they turn are utterly unfamiliar with the complexities of the human body and its functions, complexities that are way beyond the anti-theists and the anti-theists."

Get Ideas for Canada.

Annapolis, Md.—For the purpose of obtaining useful ideas on the conduct of the new naval school recently established by the dominion government at Ottawa, Rear Admiral C. F. Kingsmill, royal navy, naval adviser to the Canadian government, and Commander G. B. Roper, chief of staff, inspected the naval academy the other day.

The two English officers after having been received by Supt. Bowyer, whose guests they will be over night, were taken in charge by Lieut. Commander Paul J. Dashiell, who escorted them through the institution.

MAKES LARGE MAP OF MOON

Only One of Its Kind in the World Is Drawn by English Business Man—Six Feet Across.

London.—An extraordinary map—the only one of its kind in the world—has been drawn by W. Goodacre, F. R. A. S., of Finchley, who spent seven years in the work. It is a map of the moon on the large scale of 30 miles to an inch. When spread out it covered a grand piano, several chairs and finished up on a table at the other side of the room.

Many attempts have been made before to produce such a map, but Mr. Goodacre claims that no one has succeeded in depicting the moon in such detail and accuracy. In general appearance the result of his work resembles a picture of a greatly magnified drop of water, showing bacilli in countless thousands.

Mr. Goodacre is a business man who has devoted his leisure for thirty years to a study of the moon. He gazes at it through a reflecting telescope with 12-inch aperture, such as

any observatory might be proud of. His map is based on detailed drawings and on excellent photographs, amplified by telescopic observations. "The telescope," he explained, "shows much finer detail than a photograph, owing to its enormous magnifying power. You can see clearly in this way small crater pits which would be practically invisible in a photograph."

When Mr. Goodacre began his task he took a great sheet of paper, placed a compass point in the middle and drew a circle 17 inches in diameter. All the space outside this he blacked over with India ink. The next thing was to rule within the circle about 40,000 tiny squares, and to make notes of 1,433 measured points. All this was done to insure correctness of position for the mountains, craters and seas which were to be drawn in during the next seven years.

"I have not had time to count up yet," said Mr. Goodacre, "but I should estimate that there are probably 26,000 craters shown in detail. Some of these craters in the moon's surface, shown by short lines, are 160 miles long and a mile or so wide. I propose to reproduce the map in 25 sections, provided a sufficient number of persons want it."

EDITOR WAS NEARLY ROBBED

"We" Thinks Alleged Thief Is All Fired Mean to Attempt to Separate Him From Money.

West Grove, Pa.—In an explosive column of righteous indignation Editor Hatcher of the Oxford News denounces a prominent Lancaster county woman, who he alleges sought to rob him of his board money, hidden in a pigeonhole of his desk at the News office.

The editor is a bachelor and from time to time hides away a trifle of his weekly stipend to pay his hotel bill. Some of his barbed-wire sentiments relative to the incident are:

Now to steal at all it is a crime, but to steal from an editor is the height of human degeneracy. To hold up a banker or plumber or some other form of plutocrat is excusable under certain circumstances.

The person who will deliberately attempt to separate an editor from real money is a brute, with a soul no larger than could be incased in the appendix of an especially diminutive mosquito.

A little lying and slandering we can stand, but even if the smallest sum of money is stolen from us we are bruta.

GOD'S PITY FOR THE HEATHEN

Sunday School Lesson for April 20, 1911

Special Lesson for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—Jonah 1:1-17. Memory Verse 11. GOLDEN TEXT.—"Do ye therefore, and teach all nations."—Matt. 28:19. TIME.—Jonah was king of Israel, in whose time Amos was prophesying (Revelation 1:1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100).

PLACE.—Gath-hepher, north of Nazareth, in Galilee, on the Mediterranean Sea, Joppa, and Nineveh.

KINGS.—Jeroboam II attained supremacy over all the peoples from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates. "The writer of the book of Jonah has presented accurately the values of the historical situation. It was the unknown dangers in Assyria, just after Sennacherib had broken the power of Damascus, that rendered the successes of Jeroboam possible."

Jonah was unquestionably a historical personage. He lived in the reign of Jeroboam II, king of Israel, in whose time Amos's work was accomplished. According to 2 Kings 14: 25, he prophesied the recovery from Syria of the lost border possessions of Israel. He is said to have belonged to Gath-hepher, a town of Zebulun, and his grave is still shown in the vicinity of Nazareth. Gath-hepher was about an hour's walk north of Nazareth. Jonah was therefore a prophet of Galilee. Jewish legend said that he was the son of the widow of Sarepta, whom Elijah had restored to life; and also that he was the youth whom Elijah had sent to anoint Jehu, king of Israel.

This little biography begins with the announcement that God asked a man to do something for him. It is significant that other Bible writers (Nehemiah, Jeremiah, Zephaniah, Haggai, Micah) begin the story of their lives at the same point. Our acquaintance with Paul begins with his summons to duty, and the apostles were not known until Christ bade them follow him. Jonah's call was to go to Nineveh, the greatest and wickedest city in the world, and threaten it with doom from Jehovah.

How did Jonah answer his missionary call? By running away. He fled from the presence of the Lord, as if God were, in his mind, only a local divinity, ruling over Israel, but unable to see the fugitive if he fled far enough beyond his territory. Jonah should have asked himself, "If the God of Israel sees what is going on at distant Nineveh, and is concerned about it, is it to be supposed that his faithful servant will escape his notice, like some defaulting apprentice lad, who hopes to elude his master's notice by running away to sea?"

Jonah jumps on board a vessel bound for the most remote place known to the ancient world, Tarshus, that is Tartessus, on the Gualquivir in Spain. God interfered with Jonah's plans by sending one of these sudden, treacherous storms so frequent on the Mediterranean, a storm so fierce that even the skillful Phoenician sailors were compelled to throw out their cargo, and were filled with terror.

Jonah calls upon the sailors to throw him into the sea—to purchase their peace by his sacrifice. That call is the finest thing in the picture. It is the real miracle. It marks the enlargement of the man. But the honest fellows were loath to take him at his word, and the poor rowers plied the long sweeps more earnestly than ever. Even when obliged at last to throw Jonah overboard, they did it with a prayer to Jehovah. And at once the sea was calm.

How long was Jonah in the great fish? Three days and three nights, which, according to the Jewish mode of reckoning, might, as in the case of our Lord's stay in the tomb, have been only one entire day and parts of the day preceding and the day following.

It is striking to notice the change in Jonah as soon as he ceased to run away from his duty and became obedient to God's command. What was the command? The first repeated: "Go to Nineveh, that great city, and proclaim what I bade you proclaim, the doom of their sins."

Then God prepared a gourd. This book is full of this word prepared. We are told that the Lord prepared a great fish, a gourd, a worm, and a sultry east wind. This gourd was most likely the bottle-gourd, often planted to grow over trellis-work. It is thought by some to have been the palmaria, or castor-oil plant, which still grows to a great size in the Jordan valley. It is so-called because it is a five-leaved plant, one leaf of which outspread was thought to represent the hand of Christ.

Next in the acted parable came a worm, destroying the gourd, and the stork, driving its hot blast down upon the sweltering prophet. Then, by a wonderfully true touch of human nature, Jonah transfers his pity for himself, as an ill-used prophet, to the gourd which likewise had been hardily treated.

The divine question, "Should not I have pity?" remains unanswered. Above the strife and din and wickedness the divine compassion is still brooding.

The argument is very fine. On the gourd Jonah had spent neither labor nor strength. How much more should God, of whose goodness man's highest virtue is but the faintest shadow, pity and spare the helpless and ignorant works of his own hands who now fill the streets of Nineveh with pathetic appeals for forgiveness! God's pity extends to the little children, that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand, and even to the cattle. There is no finer close in the whole realm of literature than this ending. God's love is broader than the measures of mankind.

MADE HIS ESCAPE IN TIME

Metaphors of Millionaire Found No Response in the Breast of the Farmer.

The millionaire accepted the farmer's cordial invitation to ride, and with much scrambling gained a seat on top of the hay.

"My good man," said the millionaire, patronizingly, "this awaying, rolling, sweet-scented divan is a couch upon which I could win slumber and be irresistible to the arms of Morpheus whenever I courted sweet sleep."

The farmer stiffened. "I'll hear no more of your talk; I'm a respectable married man, an' I'll ask you where you're goin' so I can avoid the place."

Drumming the millionaire smiled. "I'm getting back to Mother Nature, who has been outraged and abused by me for years; I am a broken man, and she will forgive me and bring me back to health."

The farmer stopped the team and pulled a three-tined pitchfork from the brace socket—but his passenger was gone.—Success Magazine.

ITCHED SO COULD NOT SLEEP

"I suffered from the early part of December until nearly the beginning of March with severe skin eruptions on my face and scalp. At first I treated it as a trivial matter. But after having used castile soap, medicated washings, cold cream, vanishing cream, etc., I found no relief whatever. After that I diagnosed my case as eczema, because of its dry, scaly appearance. The itching and burning of my scalp became so intense that I thought I should go mad, having not slept regularly for months past, only at intervals, waking up now and then because of the burning and itching of my skin. Having read different testimonials of cures by the Cuticura Remedies, I decided to purchase a box of Cuticura Ointment and a cake of Cuticura Soap. After using them for a few days I recognized a marked change in my condition. I bought about two boxes of Cuticura Ointment and five cakes of Cuticura Soap in all, and after a few days I was entirely free from the itching and burning. My eczema was entirely cured, all due to using Cuticura Soap and Ointment daily. Hereafter I will never be without a cake of Cuticura Soap on my washstand. I highly recommend the Cuticura Remedies to anyone suffering from similar skin eruptions and hope you will publish my letter so that others may learn of Cuticura Remedies and be cured." (Signed) David M. Shaw, care Paymaster, Pier 55, N. R., New York City, June 2, 1910. Cuticura Remedies sold everywhere. Send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston, for free book on skin and scalp troubles.

W GOOD BET.



Mrs. Newpop—Mrs. Jones says that only one woman in a thousand is capable of bringing up children.

Mr. Newpop—I'll bet she thinks she is one of the ones.

An Individualist. The reason for the individual drinking cup had been explained again and again to the children and they had become sturdy supporters of the idea.

So it was not surprising to hear Henry calling: "Ma, ma! Melville's got my individual apple!"

Indication of Wisdom.

"Why do they call the owl the bird of wisdom?"

"It stays out all night and doesn't tell what it sees or does."—Judge.

It Does The Heart Good

To see how the little folks enjoy

Post Toasties

with cream

Sweet, crisp bits of pearly white corn, rolled and toasted to an appetizing brown.

"The Memory Lingers"

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd.,
Battle Creek, Mich.